

Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Zero Zero #9

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Donated to the Sir Real Collection by Skip Williamson.

ZERO



SKIP
WILLIAMSON

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¿LAUGH?
¡YES!



Contents

May/June 1996

¿Laugh? ¡Yes!

Sam Henderson

Julia

Susan Catherine &
Oscar Zarate

Fuzz and Pluck

Ted Stearn

The Cocktail Party

Skip Williamson

The Chuckling Whatsit

Chapter Eight

Richard Sala

Dakota Wonderland

David Collier

The Thing They Call Death

Stephane Blanquet

ZEROZERO



Our covers this issue are by
Mr. Skip Williamson and Mr. Henriette Valium.

JULIA

SUSAN CATHERINE
& OSCAR ZARATE

FROM THE TIME JULIA WAS A
LITTLE GIRL SHE LOOKED AT
THE OTHER GIRLS THROUGH
THE EYES OF A BOY.



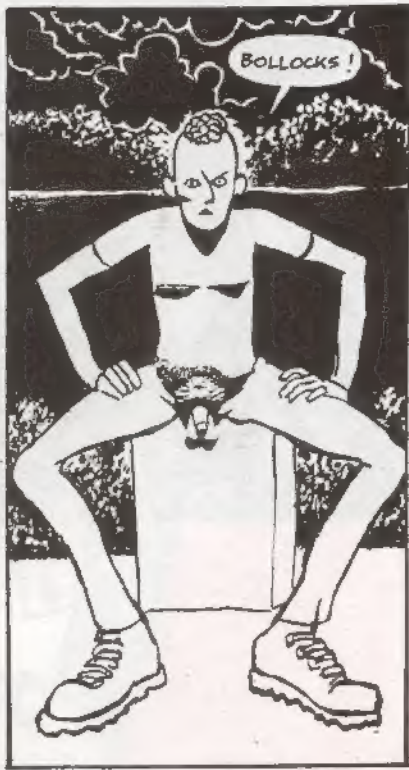
AT THE ONSET OF MENSTRUATION
SHE CHOSE TO BECOME STERILIZED
ACKNOWLEDGING THAT SHE
WASN'T CUT OUT TO BE A MOTHER.



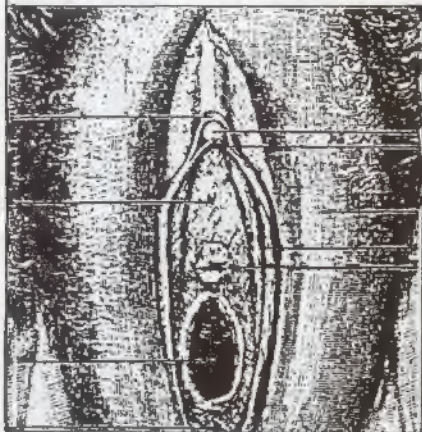
SOON AFTER THAT
ALARMED AT THE INEQUA-
LITY BETWEEN MEN
AND WOMEN, SHE
DECIDED TO HAVE A
SEX CHANGE.



BOLLOCKS!



FINDING THE PROCESS OF PUBERTY AS A MALE SO INTERESTING, SHE DECIDED TO HAVE A SECOND SEX CHANGE.



THIS WAY SHE WOULD BE ABLE TO EXPERIENCE PUBERTY A SECOND TIME THROUGH THE EYES OF A YOUNG GIRL.



BEFORE THE SECOND OPERATION SHE SENT A SHOT OF HEALTHY SPERM INTO A CLEAR PLASTIC BAG AND PUT IT IN THE FREEZER.



ONE NIGHT SEVERAL YEARS LATER SHE BECAME DRUNK AND MISTOOK HERSELF FOR A MAN WHO WANTED TO HAVE SEX WITH A WOMAN.



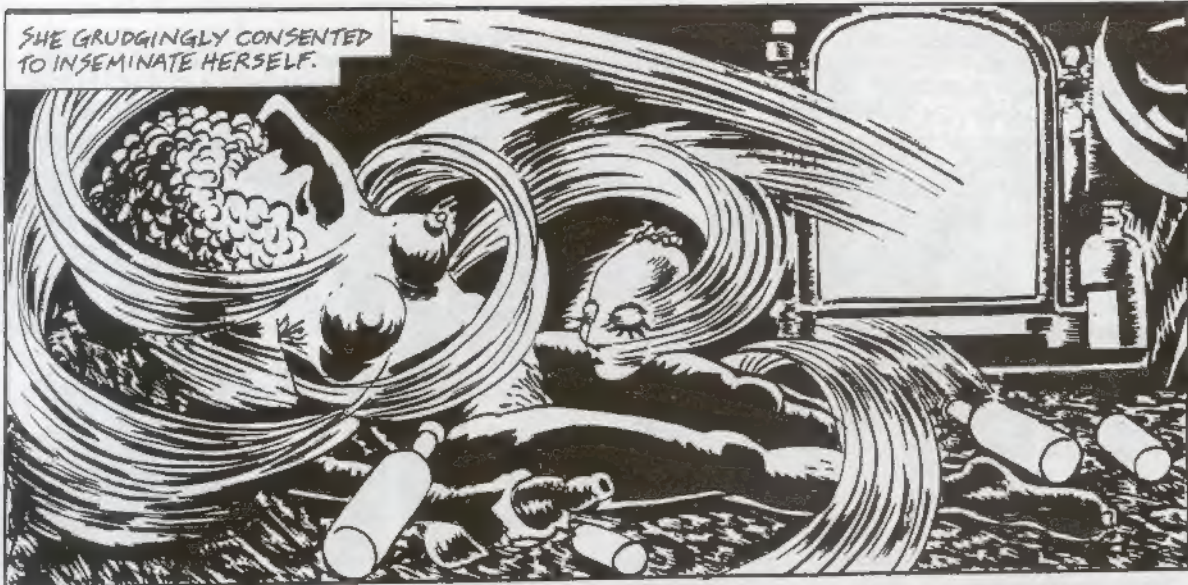
ALTHOUGH SHE PLEADED WITH HERSELF NOT TO, SHE OPENED THE FREEZER AND BROUGHT OUT THE SPERM, THE COLD AIR OF THE REFRIGERATOR BRINGING HER TO HER SENSES.



SHE REALIZED IT WOULD NOT BE RIGHT TO FORCE HERSELF TO BE IMPREGNATED AGAINST HER WILL, BUT AS SHE ALSO REALIZED THAT THIS MIGHT BE HER ONLY CHANCE TO BE A FATHER,



SHE GRUDGINGLY CONSENTED TO INSEMINATE HERSELF.



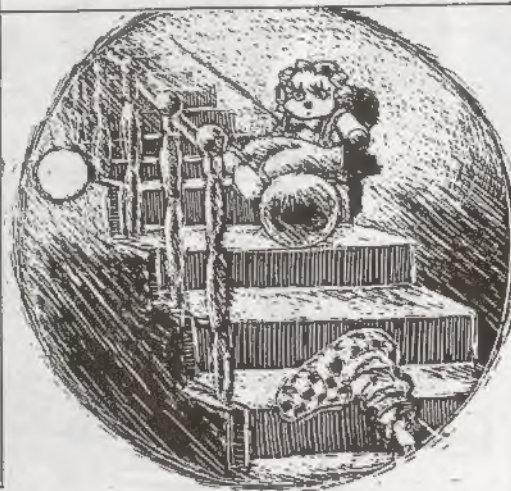
BY SOME MIRACLE SHE BECAME PREGNANT IN SPITE OF HER EARLIER STERILIZATION — (THE CHANCE OF THIS IS ONE IN ONE MILLION)!



FOR SOME YEARS HER LANDLADY HAD BEEN PLACING WHAT SHE THOUGHT WERE BIRTH CONTROL PILLS IN JULIA'S DRINKING WATER.

BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE THE CHANCE OF FALLING ON A CHILD'S TOY ON THE LANDING.

BUT THE LANDLADY'S ENGLISH WAS POORER THAN SHE REALIZED AND SHE MISTOOK FERTILITY TABLETS FOR BIRTH CONTROL PILLS.



JULIA GAVE BIRTH
TO QUINTUPLETS.

SHE WAS ABLE TO
BREASTFEED THEM.

(THIS IS ONLY POSSIBLE
IN ONE IN TEN MILLION)!

AFTER THE CHILDREN
STOPPED DRINKING HER MILK
HER BREASTS WENT SLACK.

BURP!...

BURP!...

BURP!...

BURP!...

BUT SHE HAD ONE BUILT UP AGAIN
WITH SILICONE AS A SOUVENIR OF HER
HAPPY DAYS AS A YOUNG PARENT.

THE NEIGHBORS GANKED AT HER
SOUVENIR BREAST WHEN SHE WENT
OUT TO DO THE SHOPPING SO SHE
STAYED IN MORE AND MORE AND BEGAN
TO WATCH QUIZ SHOWS ON TV.

AFTER SHE LEARNED ON ONE LATE-NIGHT QUIZ SHOW THAT OLD WOMEN ARE MUCH MORE LIKELY TO LIVE UNDER THE POVERTY LINE THAN OLD MEN...

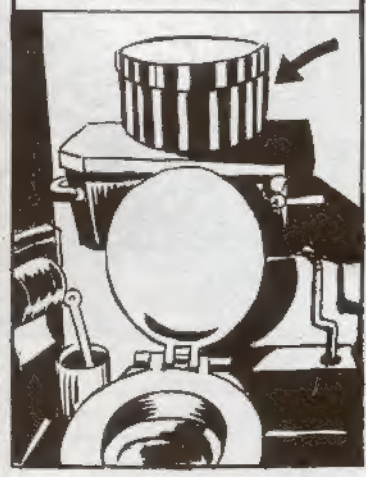


...AND NOW FOR \$200...

...SHE AGAIN CHANGED HER SEX.



SHE KEPT HER SOUVENIR BREAST BECAUSE OF HER SENTIMENTAL VALUE.

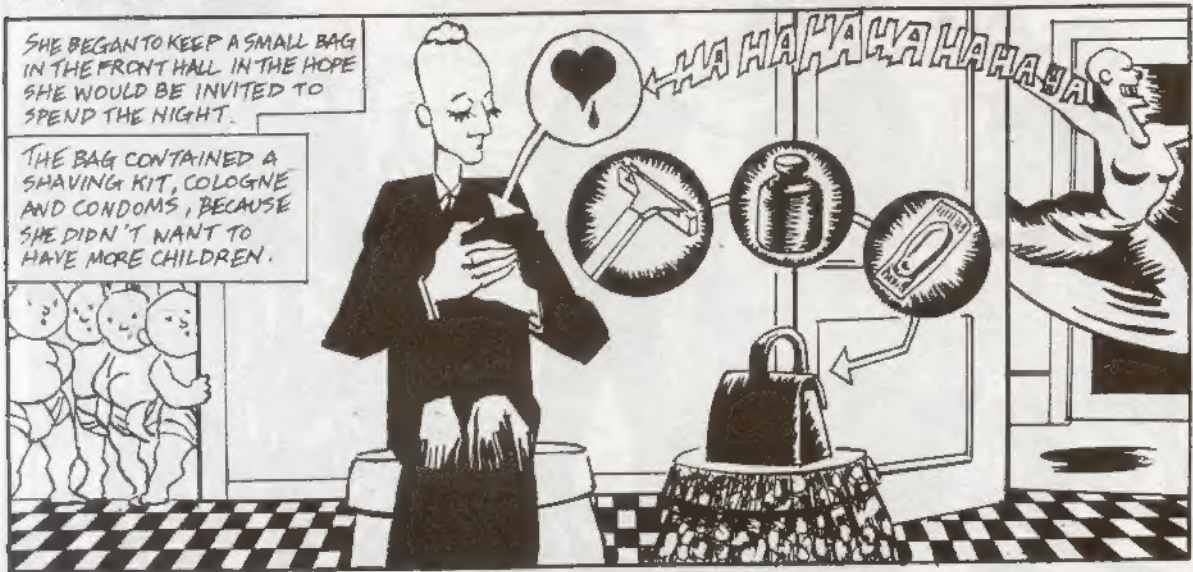


A BRIGHT, LAUGHING WOMAN MOVED INTO THE APARTMENT NEXT DOOR AND JULIA FELL IN LOVE.

LOOK!

SHE BEGAN TO KEEP A SMALL BAG IN THE FRONT HALL IN THE HOPE SHE WOULD BE INVITED TO SPEND THE NIGHT.

THE BAG CONTAINED A SHAVING KIT, COLOGNE AND CONDOMS, BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE MORE CHILDREN.



HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

EVENTUALLY THE LAUGHING WOMAN MOVED OUT OF THE COUNTRY.



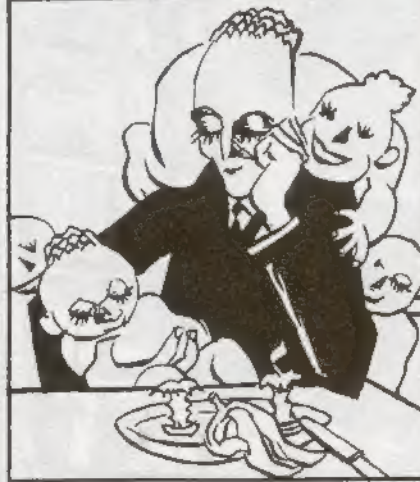
JULIA BUILT AN ALTAR TO HER, HER FIRST LOVE.



EVERY DAY THE CHILDREN BROUGHT FRUIT AND STARFISH FOR HER TO LAY BEFORE IT.



SHE STARTED TO EAT THE FRUIT AND TO FORGET THE WOMAN.



JULIA BECAME FASCINATED BY STARFISH BECAUSE THEY ARE SUFFICIENT UNTO THEMSELVES, AND A FEW YEARS LATER GOT A DEGREE IN MARINE BIOLOGY AND FOUNDED THE STARFISH RESEARCH INSTITUTE.



SHE WORKED THERE FOR THIRTY YEARS UNTIL SHE DIED AT THE AGE OF 91, A CONTENTED OLD MAN.

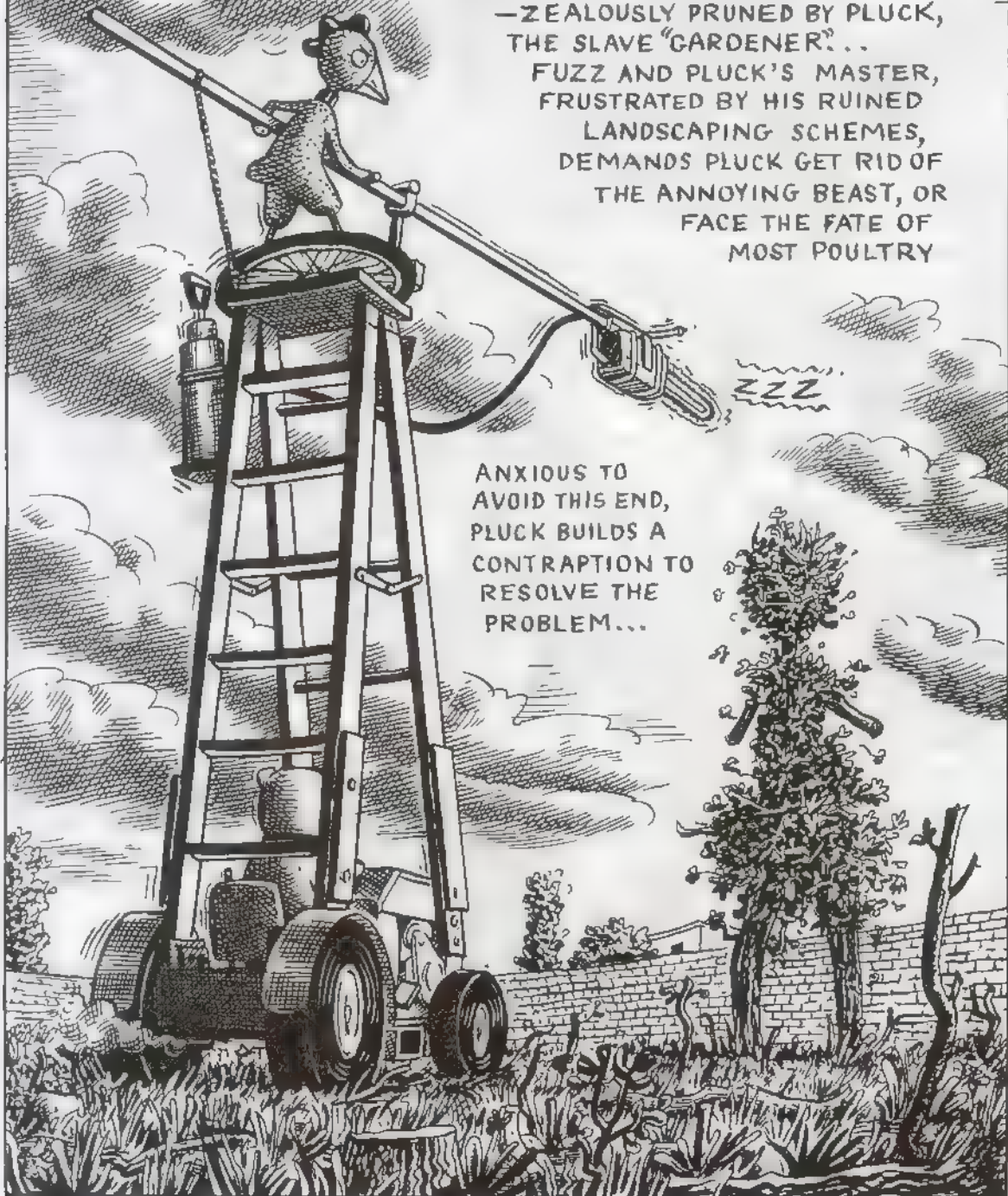


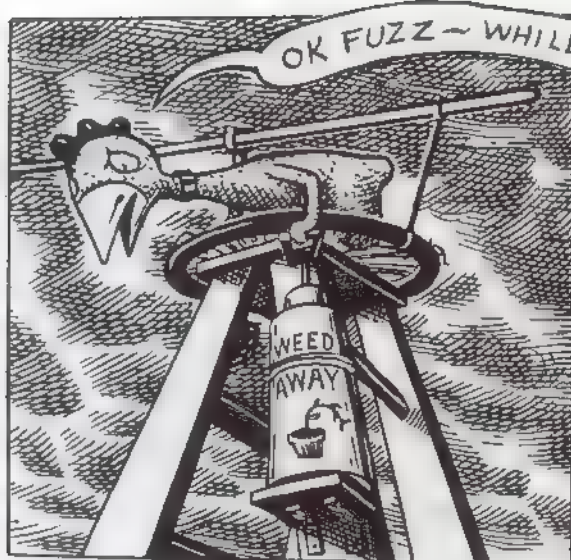
FUZZ & PLUCK

ARE ABOUT TO EXTERMINATE
A CREATURE WHICH HAS ARISEN
FROM A LARGE PILE OF PLANT DEBRIS
—ZEALOUSLY PRUNED BY PLUCK,
THE SLAVE "GARDENER"...

FUZZ AND PLUCK'S MASTER,
FRUSTRATED BY HIS RUINED
LANDSCAPING SCHEMES,
DEMANDS PLUCK GET RID OF
THE ANNOYING BEAST, OR
FACE THE FATE OF
MOST POULTRY

ANXIOUS TO
AVOID THIS END,
PLUCK BUILDS A
CONTRAPTION TO
RESOLVE THE
PROBLEM...

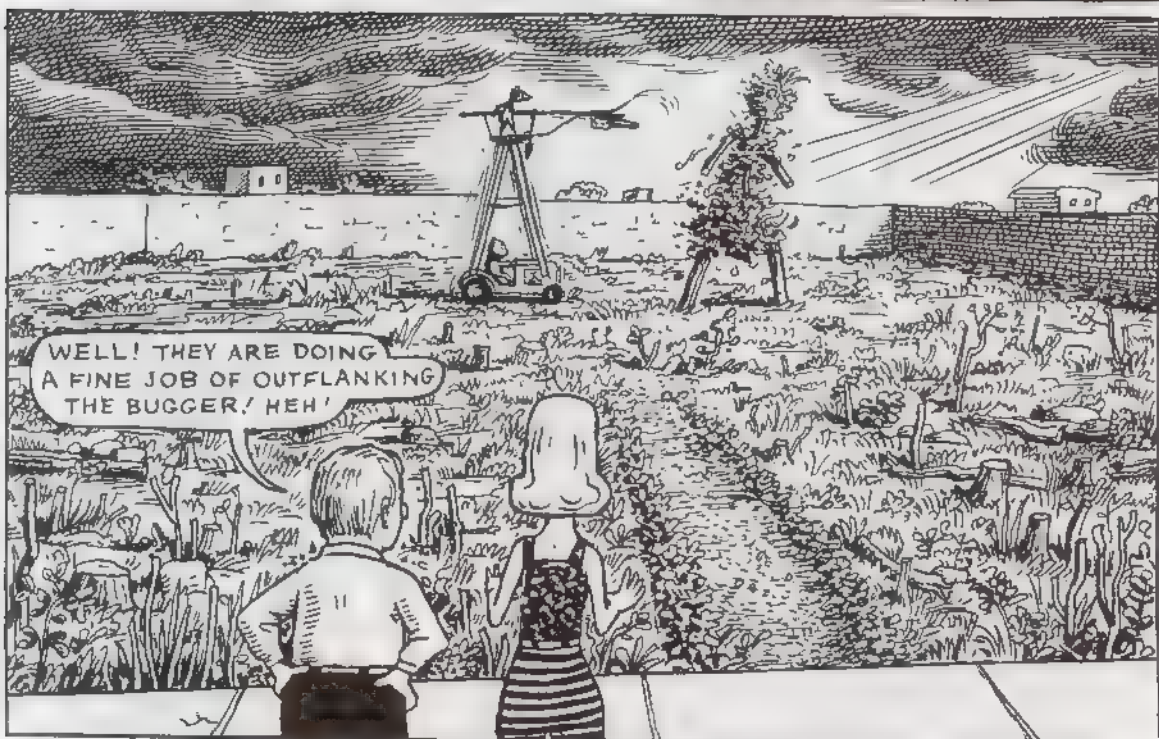




OK FUZZ ~ WHILE I AM PUMPING YOU TRY
TO GET US INTO POSITION
FOR THE FIRST DOWSING

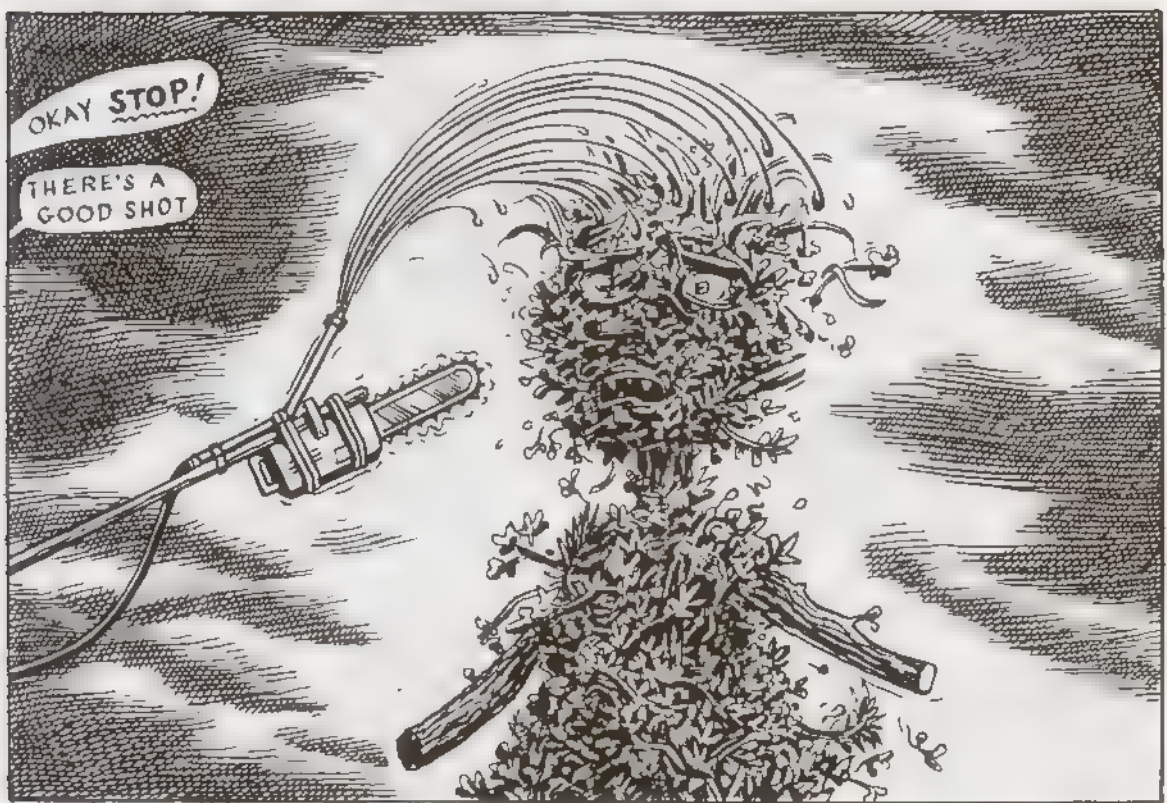


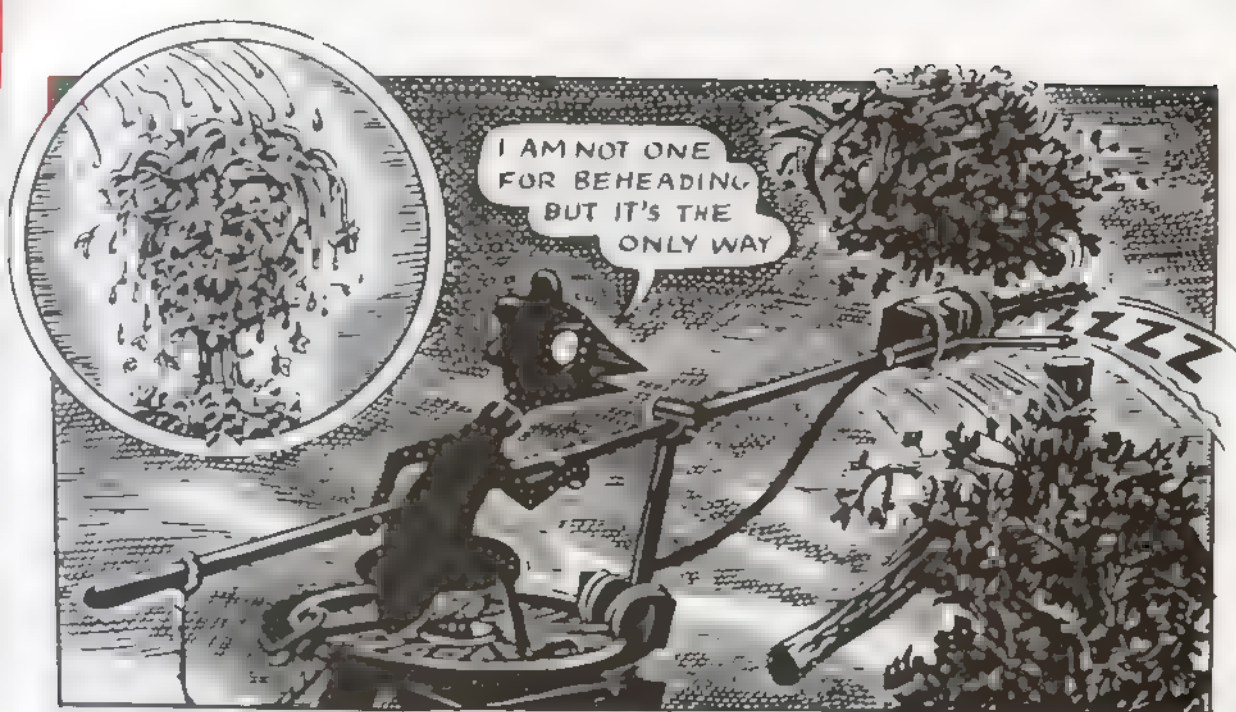
HERE WE GO

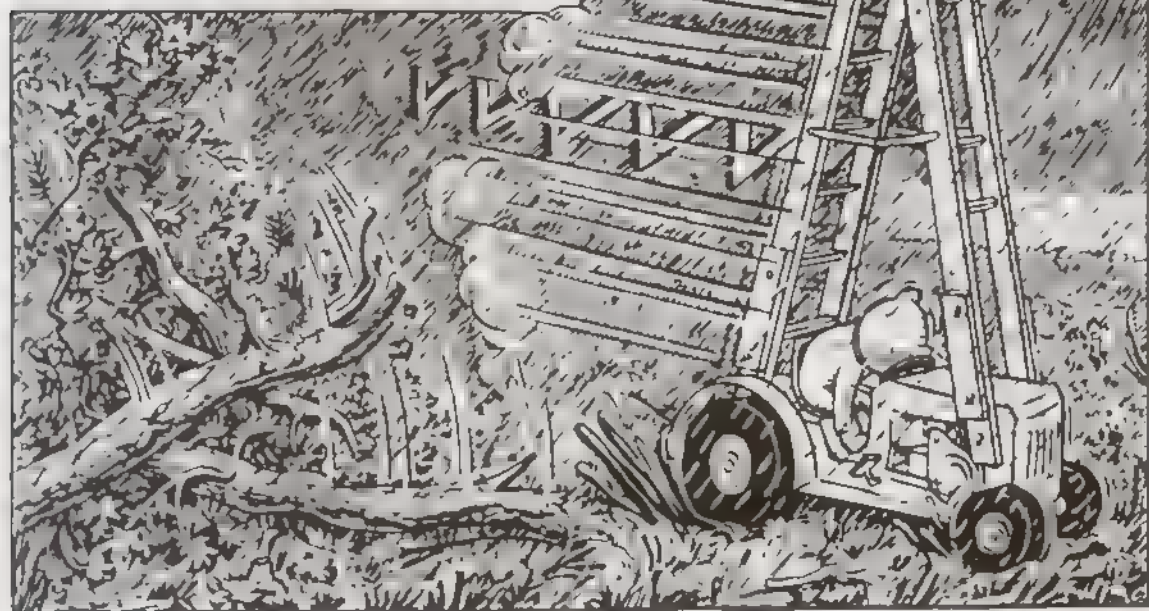
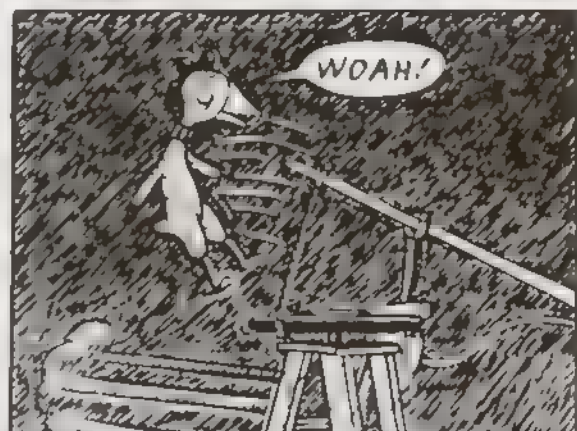
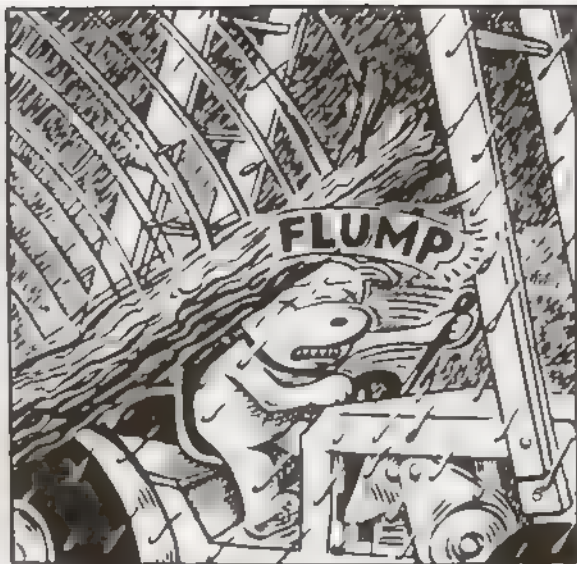
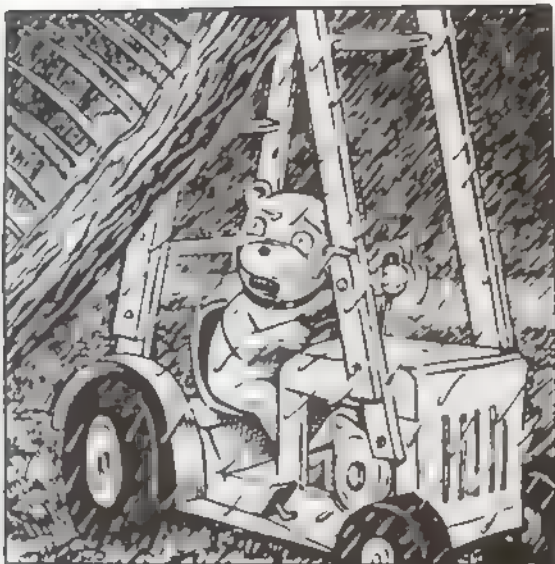


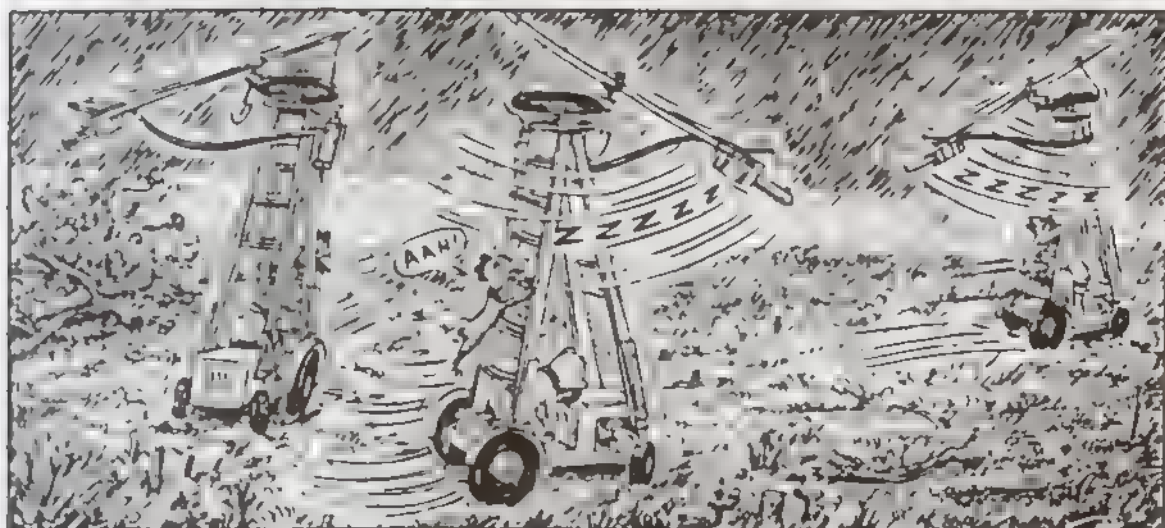
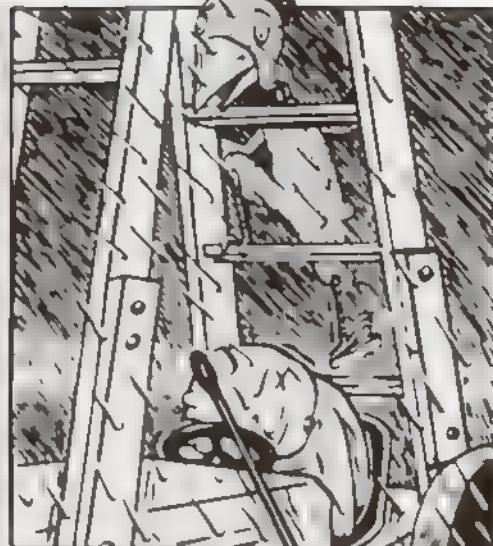
WELL! THEY ARE DOING
A FINE JOB OF OUTFLANKING
THE BUGGER! HEH!



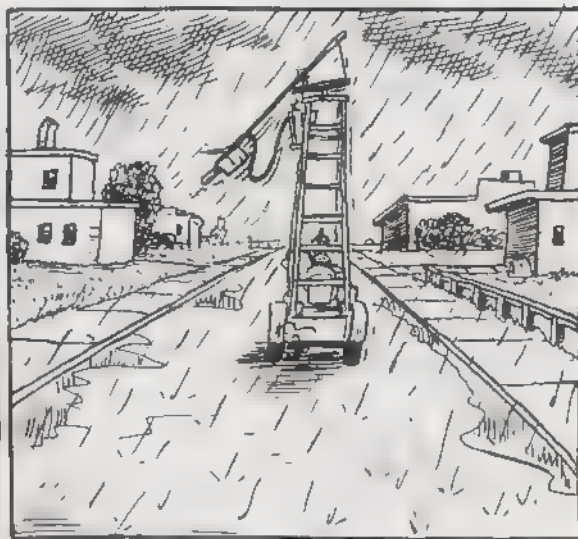
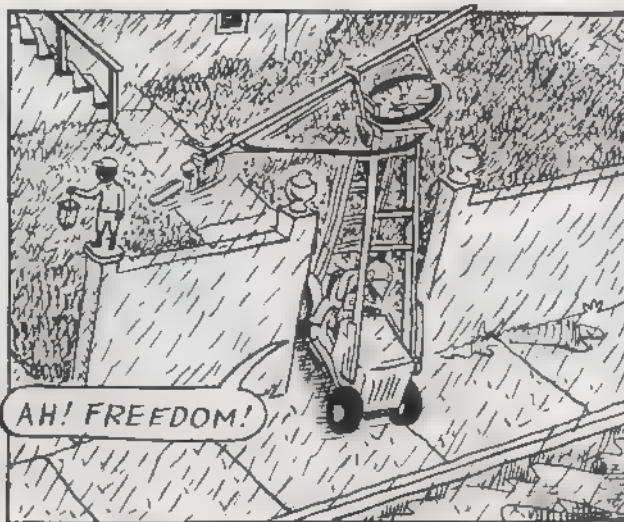
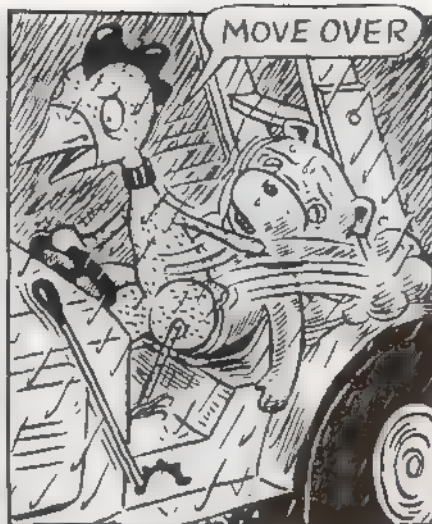








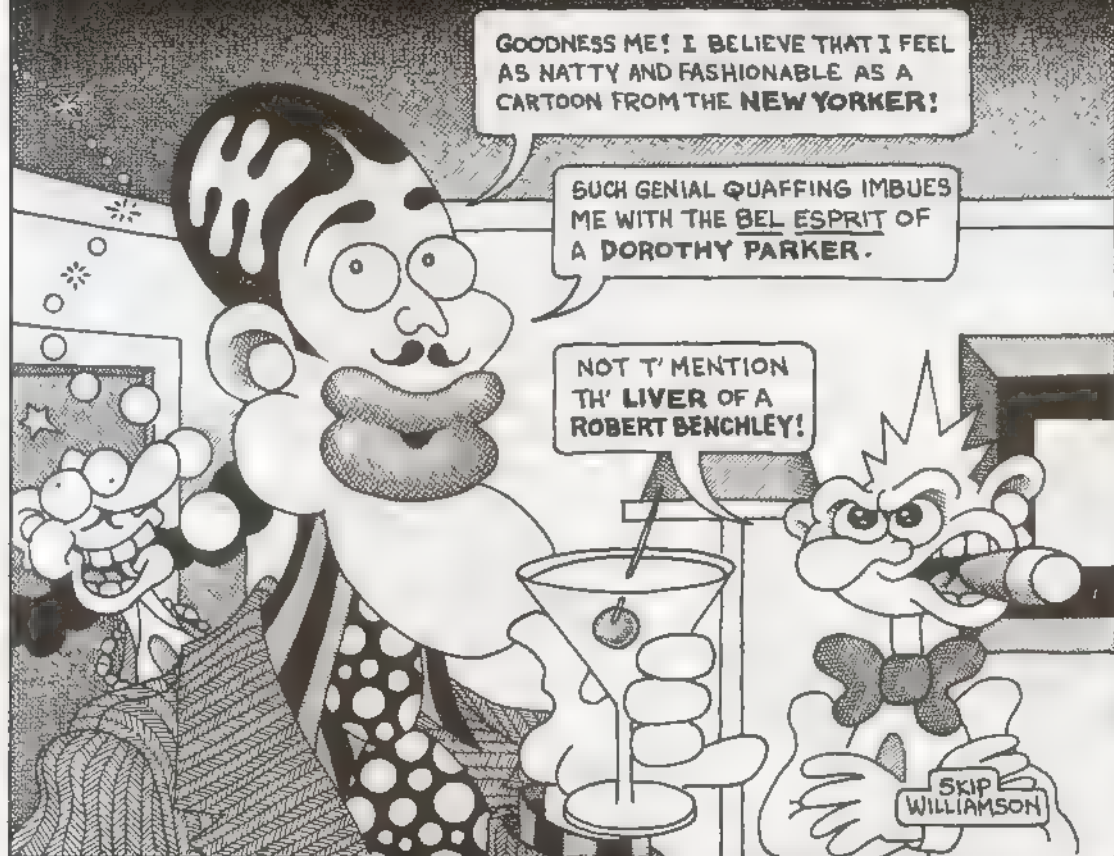




TO BE CONTINUED...

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

SNAPPY SAMMY SMOOT, SEEKING THE SUAVE CORDIALITY OF SOCIAL BREEDING, HOSTS AN EVENING OF CANAPES AND POTABLES



NECROPOLIS KEESTER, YOU SCRUFFY OLD RAKE! HOW RETRO OF YOU TO ADORN WITH LOVE BEADS, A DECORATIVE EMBELLISHMENT COMMONLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE GENTLE FLOWER CHILDREN OF THE 60s.

NO! NOT LOVE BEADS...

... BUT A STRING OF PHARMACEUTICALS!

A CONSUMABLE GARLAND OF TABLETS, CAPSULES AND NOSTRUMS IN ALL THEIR DAZZLING COLOR AND RE-SPLENDENTLY SOPORIFIC BEAUTY.

THESE TINY ANALGESICS AND NARCOTICS ARE SO STUNNING THAT, COULD I FEEL PAIN, I WOULD ...

I WOULD BE OVERWHELMED TO TEARS BY THEIR BRILLIANCE!...

THE GUSTENING YELLOW OF THE NEM-BUTAL, THE GENTLY SOOTHING BLUE OF THE VALIUM, THE EXCITING RED AND BLUE OF THE TUINAL, THE PALE GREEN AND CREAM OF THE PROZAC, THE SUNSHINE ORANGE OF THE LUDOMIL, THE SLICK BLACK AND GREEN OF THE LIBRIUM, THE BURNING RED OF THE SECONAL...

... WANNA HIT?

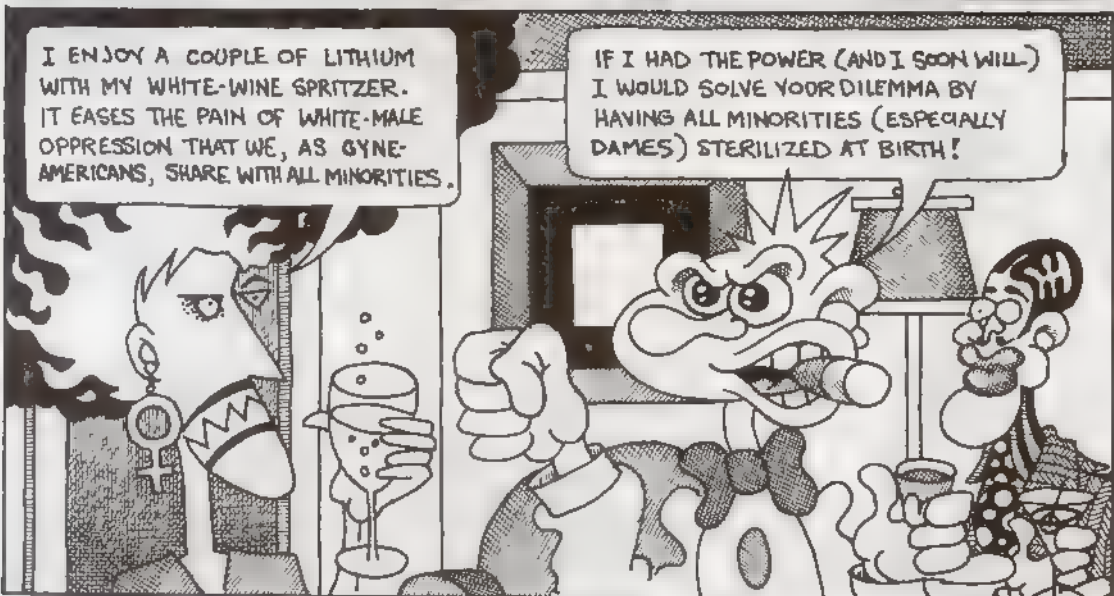
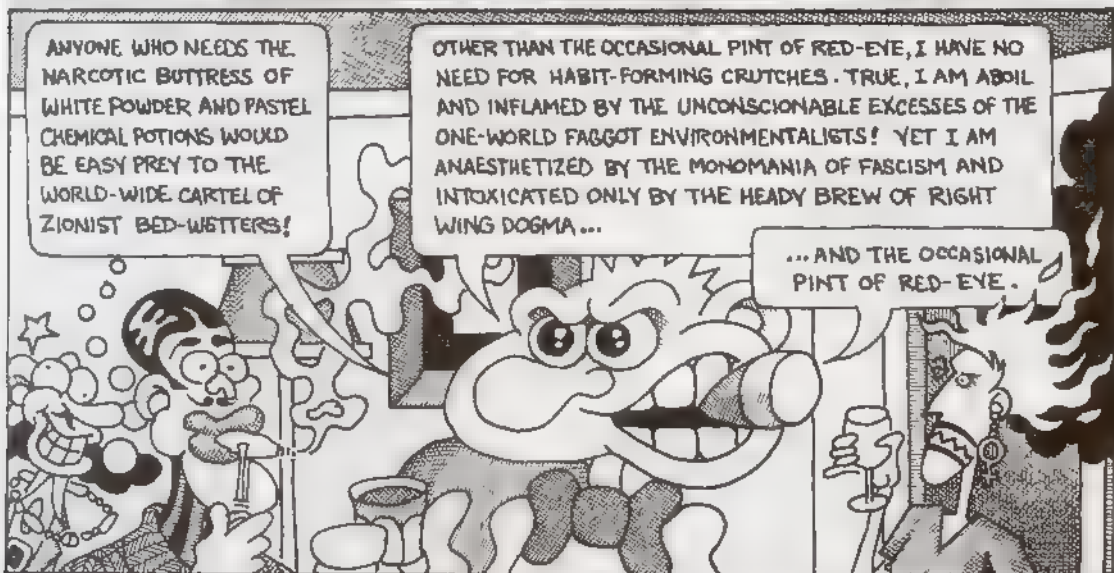
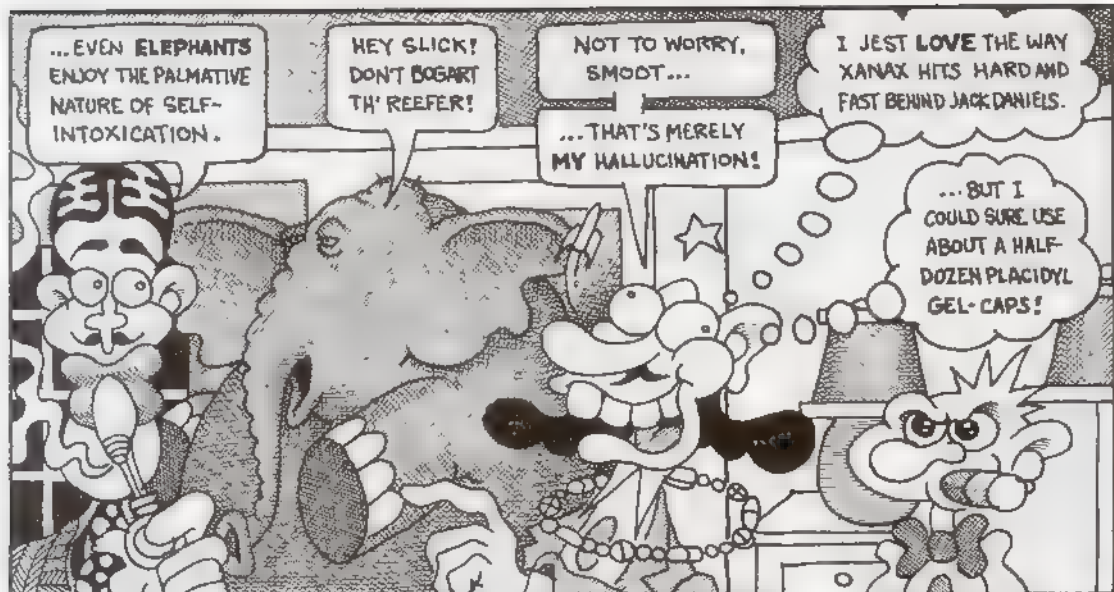
INASMUCH AS THIS IS FESTIVE OCCASION AND WE ARE AT CASUAL LEISURE, I BELIEVE I SHALL!...

IT MAY BE OUT-OF-VOGUE WITH TODAY'S "HEALTHY LIFESTYLE" GENERATION XERS, BUT I STILL ENJOY THE LIGHT LIFT AND THE RESIDUAL HIPPIE COMMUNAL COZINESS AFFORDED THROUGH THE SMOKING OF MARIJUANA.

AS I'M SURE YOU KNOW, SELF-INTOXICATION IS QUITE COMMON IN NATURE.

I'VE JUST READ AN ARTICLE IN **PARADE** ABOUT THAT VERY THING.

WHY, THERE IS A SPECIES OF BIRDS WHO CONSUME FERMENTED BERRIES IN ORDER TO BECOME INEBRIATED. LIKE OUTLAW SWALLOWS ON A DRUNKEN RAMPAGE AT CAPISTRANO, THEY RETURN ANNUALLY FOR AVIFAUNAL LIBATION...



YOU, LIKE ALL MEN, ARE AN ARROGANT AND THOUGHTLESS PIG BELLED UP TO THE TROUGH OF MALE PRIVILEGE INSATIABLY DEVOURING EVERY MORSEL OF DECENCY AND EQUITY!

I REVILE YOUR TURGID ORGANS AND TRADUCE YOUR BLOATED EGO!

IT'S NO WONDER THAT THE REEK OF TESTOSTERONE MAKES ME GAG!

LISTEN, DOLL! YOU AND YOUR GANG OF BOVINE DYKES WILL NEVER WIELD THE ROD OF VIRILE ASCENDANCY!

Y'AIN'T GOT THE BALLS FOR IT!

OH DEAR! CAN WE NOT-- AS THAT GREAT HUMANITARIAN, RODNEY KING, PLEADED-- GET ALONG?

I IMPORE YOU TO SEARCH YOUR SOUL FOR AMITY.

TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE SOUL SUGGESTS THAT I AM NOT FREE TO DEFINE MY DESTINY. I REFUTE THAT I AM ONLY A DETERIORATING SACK OF OFFAL AND BONES BUFFETED ABOUT BY ASTRAL OR GODLY CAPRICE!

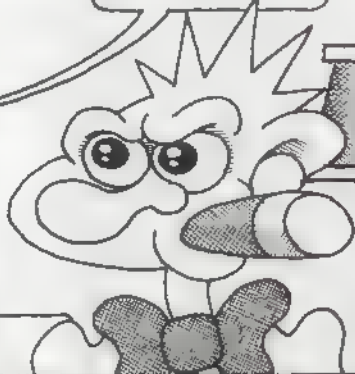
THIS DON'T MEAN, THOUGH, THAT I WON'T LET RALPH REED HAVE HIS PIECE OF THE ACTION.

YET HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN MY SITUATION?

DESPITE A YOUTH OF KEEN-EYED RESOLVE REGARDING MIND AND BODY...

I PAID ATTENTION TO DIET AND HYGIENE YET I BECAME DISEASED AND WITHERED AS I AGED.

I AM THAT DETERIORATING SACK OF OFFAL AND BONES BUFFETTED ABOUT BY GODLY CAPRICE.



FIRST MY HAIR FELL OUT AND MY TEETH CRACKED AND ROTTED. THEN I GOT HEMORRHOIDS THE SIZE OF NEBRASKA AND I SPROUTED POLYPS LIKE MUSHROOMS.

ATTEMPTING TO REGAIN MY YOUTH I VISITED A PROSTITUTE AND PRESENTED ENOUGH PUTRESCENT LESIONS THAT MY PECKER FELL OFF.

SECRETING MELANOMA CROPPED UP IN MEASURE AND ATE THROUGH MY COPROLITE FLESH UNTIL IT PROLIFERATED INTO MY LYMPH NODES.

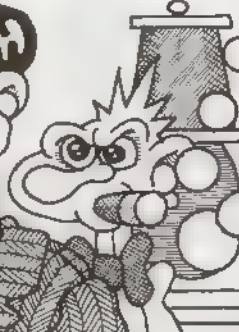
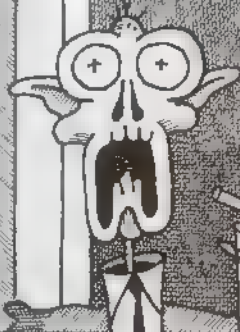
I WAS AT THE MERCY OF ORGANIC BREAKDOWN.



THE ALCOHOL I DRANK IN ORDER TO ESCAPE PAIN AND MOROSE REALITY DESTROYED MY LIVER. WHEN I HAD A LIVER TRANSPLANT I WAS GIVEN TAINTED BLOOD AND INFECTED WITH H.I.V.

IN ORDER TO REMAIN CALM AND DISTRACTED I'VE TAKEN TO SKIN-POPPING HEROIN.

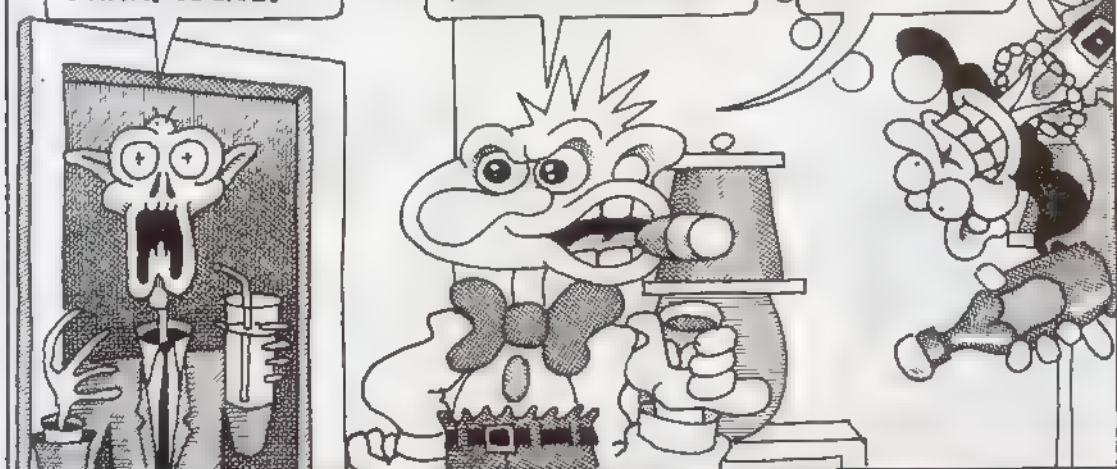
I'VE ALSO FOUND THAT AN EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR THE ANNOYING PSYCHOTIC PARANOIA BROUGHT ON BY METHAMPHETAMINE.



THE TRUTH IS, DESPITE
MY PAIN AND DEGENERATION,
I WANT TO LIVE!

BUT THE **REALITY** IS YOU
AND YOUR INFIRMED ILK ARE
A DRAIN ON SOCIAL ORDER.

YOURS WILL BE A
MORE GENERIC
FINISH.



YOU WILL NOT BE DISPATCHED BY
SOME CELESTIAL BOGLE!

EVEN IF THERE WERE A
OMNIPOTENT ARBITER,
HE'S GOT BETTER FISH TO
FRY THAN YOUR BERRY ASS!

POP!

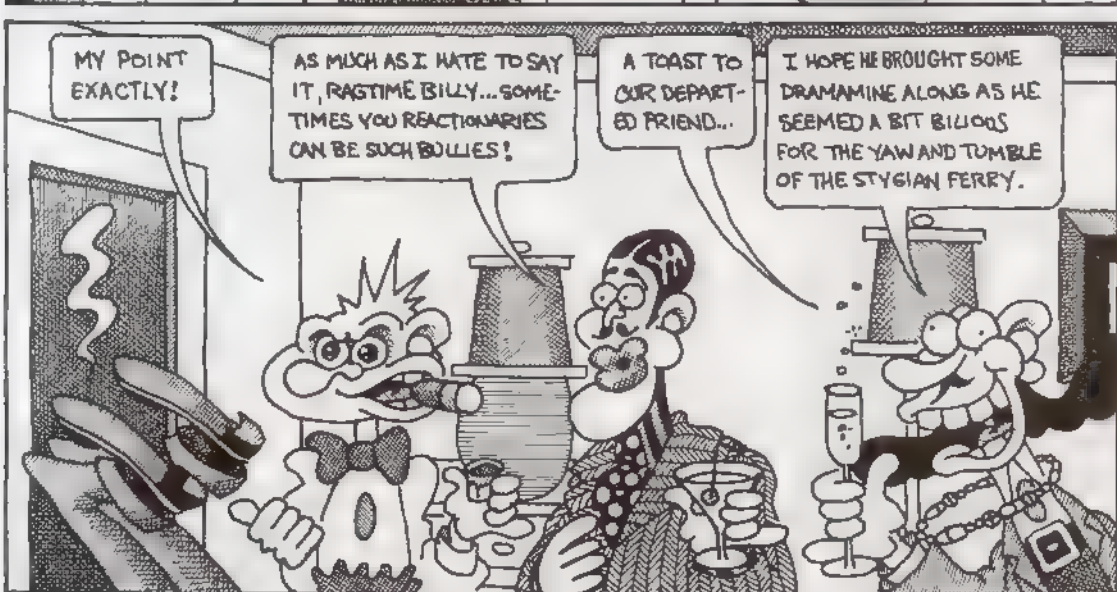


MY POINT
EXACTLY!

AS MUCH AS I HATE TO SAY
IT, RAGTIME BILLY... SOME-
TIMES YOU REACTIONARIES
CAN BE SUCH BOLLIES!

A TOAST TO
OUR DEPART-
ED FRIEND...

I HOPE HE BROUGHT SOME
DRAMAMINE ALONG AS HE
SEEMED A BIT BILIOUS
FOR THE YAW AND TUMBLE
OF THE STYGIAN FERRY.



AND I MUST SAY, RAGTIME BILLY, YOUR SKEPTICAL NOTIONS REGARDING THE DEITY ARE, AT BEST, MISGUIDED PRE-SUMPTION!

WHY EVEN NOW I'M SURE OUR DEPARTED FRIEND HAS BEEN USHERED THROUGH THE PEARLY GATES, BEEN ISSUED A PAIR OF CUTE FLUFFY WINGS, A LUSTROUS HALO, AND ASSIGNED A PARTICULARLY FLOCCULENT CLOUD FROM WHICH TO OBSERVE OUR SECULAR INTERACTIONS.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN OF THE OPINION THAT GRACE AND GOODNESS ARE AT THE CORE OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT...

AND THAT THE LIGHT OF GODLINESS ENVELOPES US LIKE A FRAGILE, PINK BUBBLE FLOATING US EVER HEAVENWARD WITH EACH GOOD DEED.

MUCH LIKE GLENDA, THE GOOD WITCH OF THE EAST, IN **THE WIZARD OF OZ**.

I HATE TO BURST YOUR BUBBLE, SMOOT. BUT IF I DON'T SOME OTHER PRICK WILL.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND IN THE PRIME OF POWER AND BEAUTY I TOO SOUGHT THE GODLINESS IN MAN.

I STUDIED THE SCRIPTURES WITH INSIGHTFUL ZEAL. I BECAME A JESUIT AND CLOISTERED MYSELF IN THE SEMINARY IN SEARCH OF THE TRUTH WHICH I WAS SURE WOULD LEAD ME TO THE SPIRITUAL REDEMPTION OF ALL MANKIND.

ALAS, THE ROAD TO SALVATION IS RIDDLED WITH POTHOLES.

IN THOSE TIMES OF SALIENT
MEDITATION I SOUGHT DIVINITY
AND IMMACULATE SANCTITY
IN THE HUMAN CONDITION.

INSTEAD,
I FOUND
THE TRUTH.

AND THE TRUTH IS THAT OUR
COLLECTIVE SOUL IS STAINED
AND SANGUINE WITH THE
FORBIDDEN IMPULSES OF
BETRAYAL, ANGER, LUST,
MENDACITY, SEDUCTION, IN-
FIDELITY AND MURDER...

... HONED AND PERIL-
OUS-- INSIDE US ALL--
A CONCEALED WEAPON.

THE GLINT OF A DAGGER
CAUGHT IN OUR PERIPHERAL
VISION AN INSTANT BE-
FORE THE DEADLY STEEL
FLAYS OUR CORRUPT
FLESH AND LEAVES US AS
DISHONORABLE CARNAGE
UPON A DECREPIT LANDSCAPE.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I
IMMEDIATELY TOOK TO
DRINK AND I'VE FELT
MUCH BETTER EVER SINCE.

THE BASILICA OF
ALCOHOL HAS SERVED
MY SPIRITUAL VOID
MUCH MORE EFFICIENT-
LY THAN THE HELLSH
CATHEDRAL THAT IS
THE SOUL OF THE
HUMAN BEAST.

YOU WIMPY
BLEEDING
HEARTS MAKE
ME SICK!

ONE MAN'S
HELL IS
ANOTHER'S
PLAYGROUND!

JUST ASK
SLOBODAN
MILOSEVIC
OR THE
AMERICAN
TOBACCO
INSTITUTE!

IF GOD DIDN'T IN-
TEND UGLY
CARNAGE...

...WHY WOULD HE
HAVE FIRED MY
SOUL WITH RABID
DESTINY AND FILL-
ED MY SKULL WITH
FERAL VOICES?!

WHY, INDEED?...

A New Comic by Mack White



VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES

Send \$3.95 plus \$1 postage & handling to: Fantagraphics Books • 7563 Lake City Way NE • Seattle, WA 98111



the Chuckling Whatsit

© 1996 Richard Sala

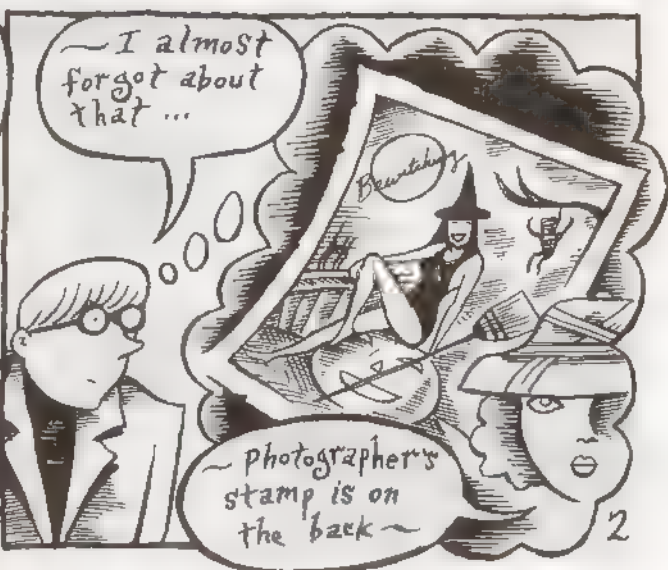
Previously ~

Professor Peeke hires Broom to continue the research Abigail Aberdevine was doing before she vanished: digging into the life of mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac. Broom resigns his horoscope column ~ Peeke pays better, plus Broom has no desire to meet the maniac who has been killing astrology columnists. He visits Dr. Erdling, who tells the skeptical Broom what "G.A.S.H." really stands for ~ and who mentions Someone named Aldo Ixnay.





And that photo ~ that couldn't have been Abigail cozying up to that guy from G.A.S.H. ~ could it? ~ Hey ~ photo ~



~ photographer's stamp is on the back ~

What was that shutterbug's name?

Liszt? Levitz? Lazlo?

Sniff
Sniff

LENZ

Yes ~ Years have passed, but that particular session is fresh in my mind ~ sniff sniff ~ primarily because another inquisitive type was in here not long ago, asking the same questions you are.

Sniff
Sniff

He'd found that photo, tracked me down. Said he was writing a book. Well, I don't have any photos anymore ~ no negatives, no equipment, nothing ~ not since my accident. Still have my memories, though ~

≡ Sniff Sniff ≡



And I sure remember that day. I saw her on the street ~ Celeste was her name. A real looker ~ in a delicate, ethereal kind of way. ~ Sniff ~



I wanted to shoot her ~ she agreed ~ needed the money ~ Sniff ~ She and her boyfriend were just passing through ~ on their way up north. He was this intense, brooding type ~ Sniff ~ looked like a derelict.

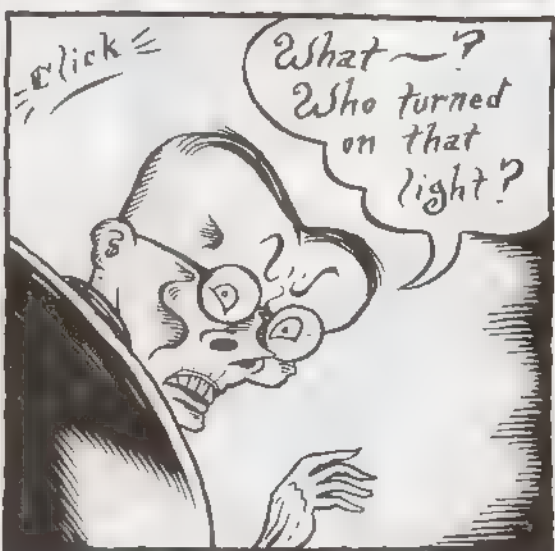


It was a Halloween-themed shoot for one of my clients. ~ Never ran, though. I think that doll gave them the willies. The boyfriend supplied that.



~ He'd been carrying it with him. It made a little laughing sound when you wiggled it.





Who are you?
What do you
want?

Please calm yourself, Professor Peeke.
All we want is a certain manuscript. A
mutual friend of ours ~ Miss Aberdevine ~
was getting close to finding it ~

scribble
scribble



Maybe she did find it. ~ Did she,
Professor? She seems to have
dropped out of sight. Or, perhaps
the ubiquitous Mr. Broom has it ~
we have our eye on him ~
believe me.



I don't know what you're
talking about ~

What I'm talking about is
privacy, Professor! Privacy
is extraordinarily important
to my organization!

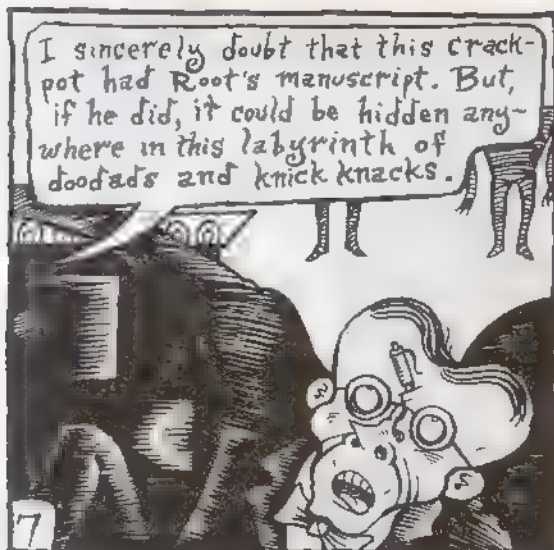


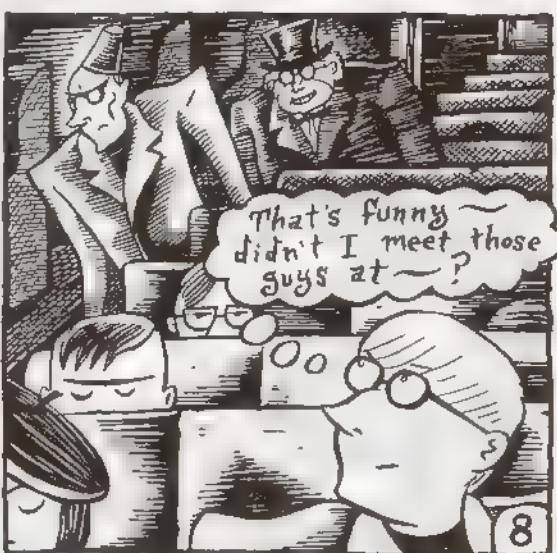
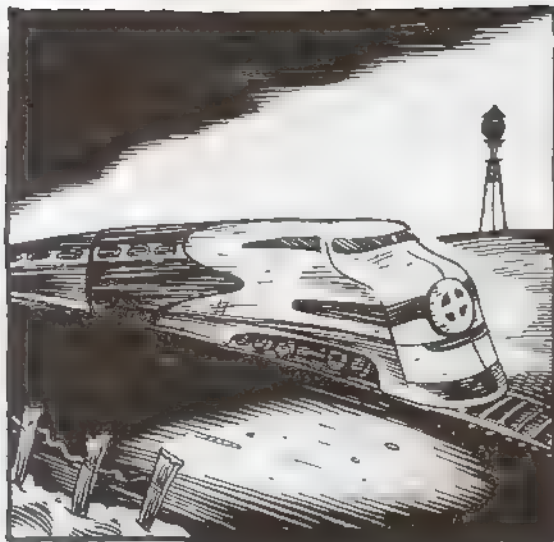
Barbarians!
Vulgar Brutes!
Foul, ignominious
troglodytes!



How dare you
invade my sacred
Sanctum! I won't let
you touch any of my
gorgeous things!





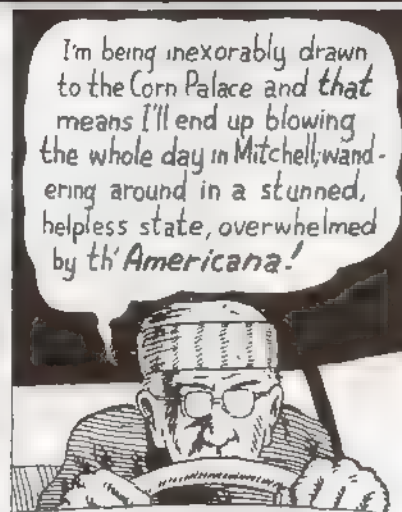




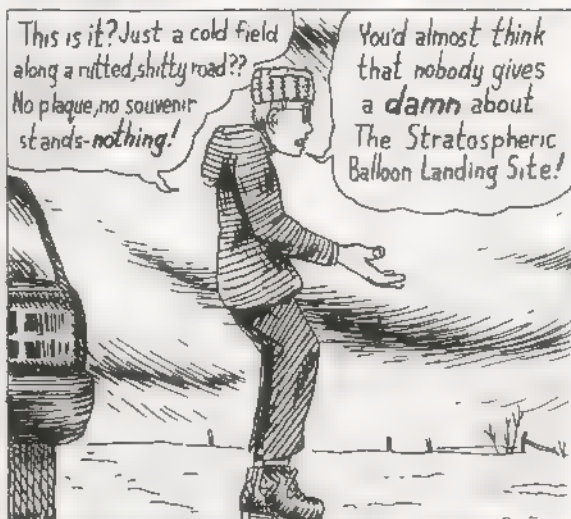
DAKOTA WONDERLAND

COLLIER '96

You've never slept in a real bed in South Dakota, and chances are you never will! You've been on the road too long and your logic is absolutely fried!



It's a terrible storm-- crews have been called in from as far away as Iowa to repair the damage!



It wasn't always so! But first, to get to the story of the Balloon Landing Site, one must begin 248 miles to the west in The Stratosphere Bowl, a natural amphitheater in South Dakota's Black Hills!



A cold dawn, November 11th, 1935 - the nation's press corps are out in full force!

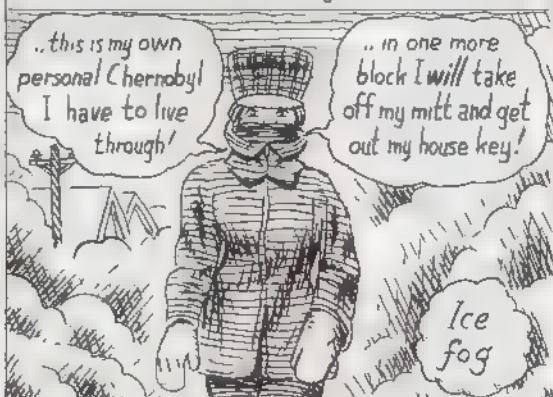
The battery of floodlights cast a light brilliant enough to read a newspaper by as Captains Orvil A. Anderson and Albert W. Stevens, pilot and scientist respectively, don football helmets beneath the massive, 318 foot-high balloon!



The 8 hour, 14 mile up flight was man's highest until the space race got under way in the late 1950's! It attracted world-wide attention and, in South Dakota, was a welcome dust bowl diversion!

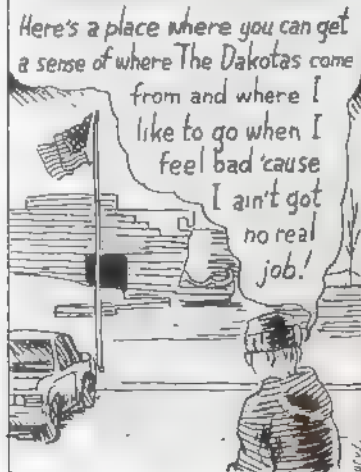


It was a bitter cold morning when that balloon went up - *every* Dakota winter morning can be a heroic trip, a time when the individual gets deep within his / herself and comes up with what they are made of!



Knife River National Historic Site near Bismarck, ND.

Here's a place where you can get a sense of where The Dakotas come from and where I like to go when I feel bad 'cause I ain't got no real job!



Back in the days when there was a thriving Mandan Indian village here, men didn't do any work apart from the 'infrequent hunt'! What we today call 'jobs' were all held by women - men spent their time seeking spiritual knowledge!



The Knife River site happens to be where the important Lewis and Clark expedition "holed up" during the winter of 1804!



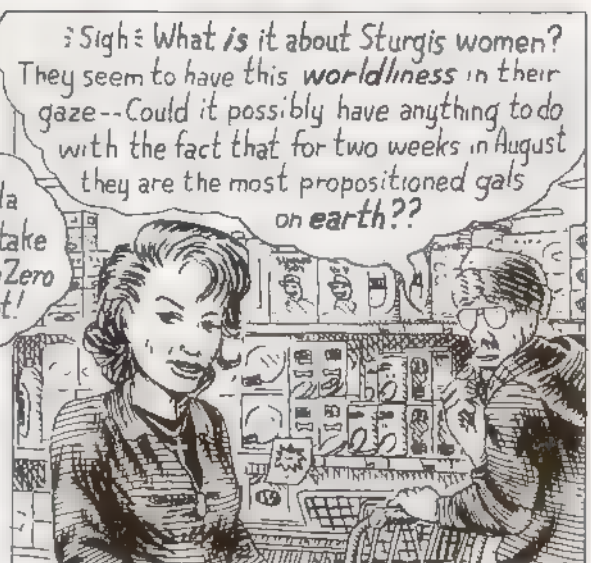
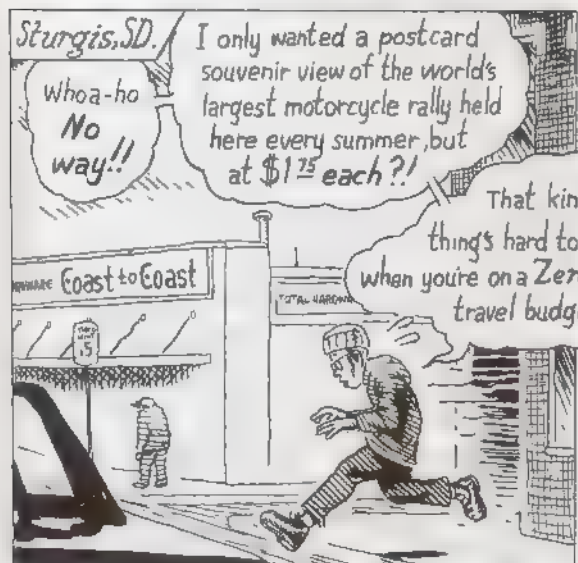
It was here also, that Lewis & Clark hired the French-Canadian fur trapper Tossaint Charbonneau and his Shooshone Indian wife Sakakawea!



Sakakawea probably grew up in Idaho and was captured in an indian raid at age 13! She proved to be an invaluable guide and in my opinion, the reunion on the west coast between Sakakawea and her brother, then a chief, is one of those great images worth conjuring up from American history!



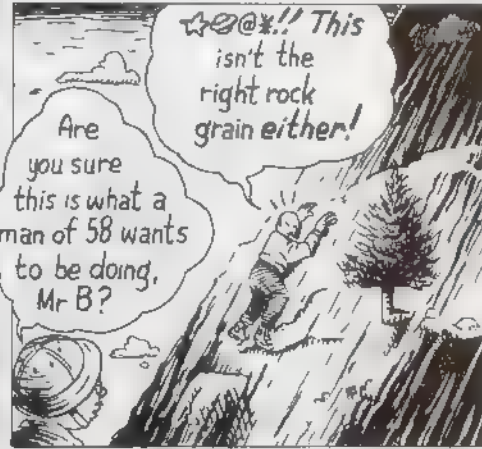
Sakakawea was assumed to have died in 1812, but in the early 1880's an very old woman, possessing remarkable knowledge of the expedition, was found on a reserve!



Whatever the case, it's onward we go to the paramount Dakota experience; *Mount Rushmore!*

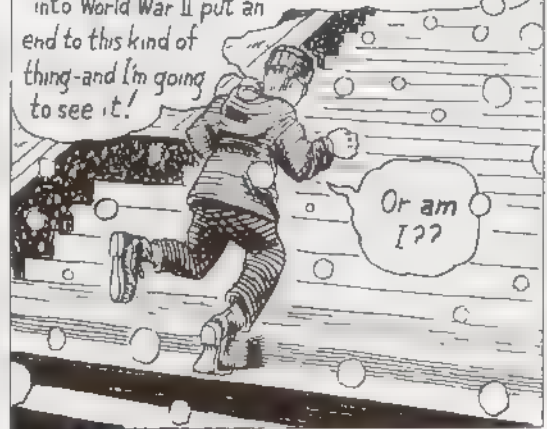
It's a lot of trouble to get to, but just think of what the sculptor Gutzon Borglum had to go through in the first place!

Borglum found what he was looking for in 1924- it was a craggy rock face, exposed to the south east-- the sun hit it for a good portion of the day perfectly!



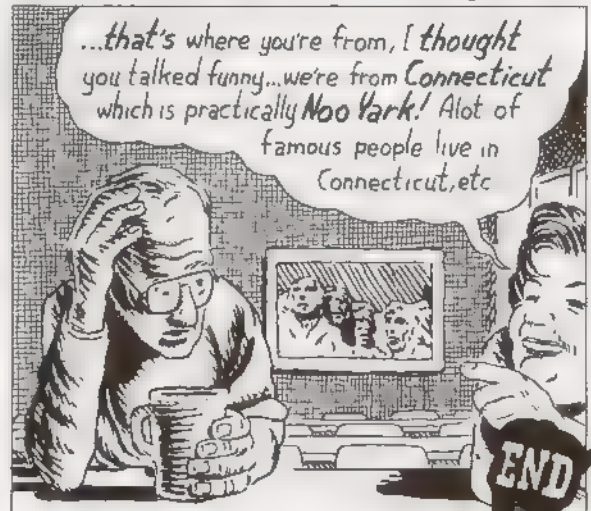
Many today regard Borglum as a lunatic, but what I like about the work is that it was carved by an unskilled crew of unemployed hard-rock miners, ranchers and loggers who, in the end, became a tight-knit fraternity of jackhammer virtuosi!

Just the right kind of big project needed to give people work during hard times, it was finally finished in October, 1941, mere months before America's entry into World War II put an end to this kind of thing- and I'm going to see it!

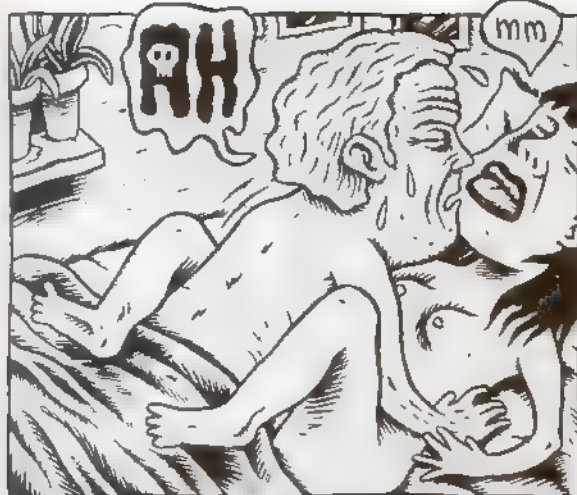


Inside the gloomy gift shop/cafe/tertia/viewing room there is an air of *despondency!* Nature gives, nature takes.

And so it's one more cup of coffee for the road, one more cup of coffee before you go to the valley below!



END



I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD DIE LIKE THIS.



POOR LOUISE.



IF YOU KNEW WHAT I JUST DREAMED ABOUT



THE THING THEY CALL DEATH



everything was very strange





WITH YOUR EMOTIONS





AND THIS RIGHT AFTER

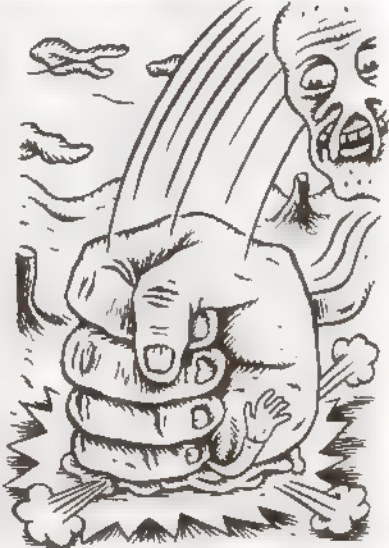
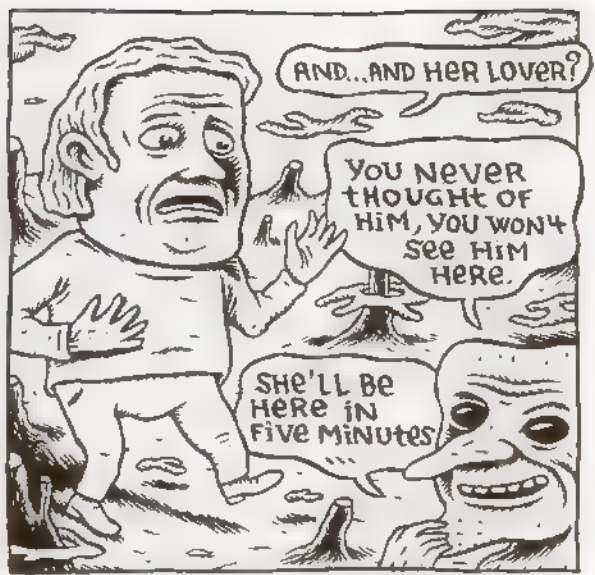
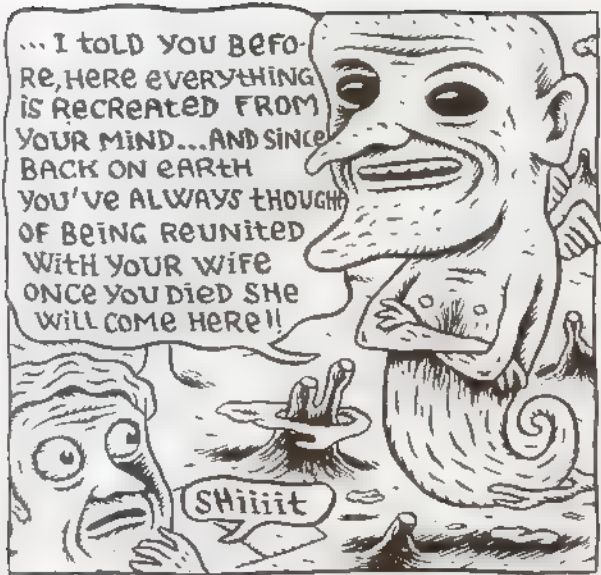


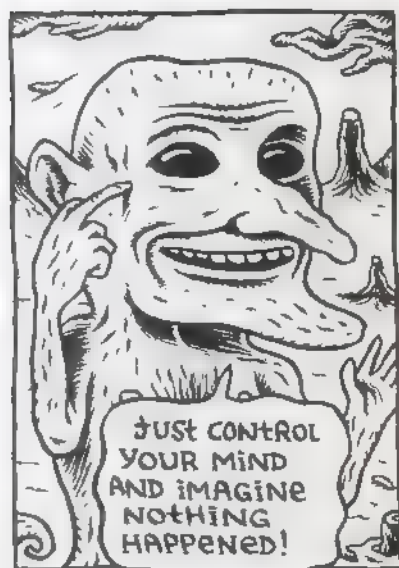
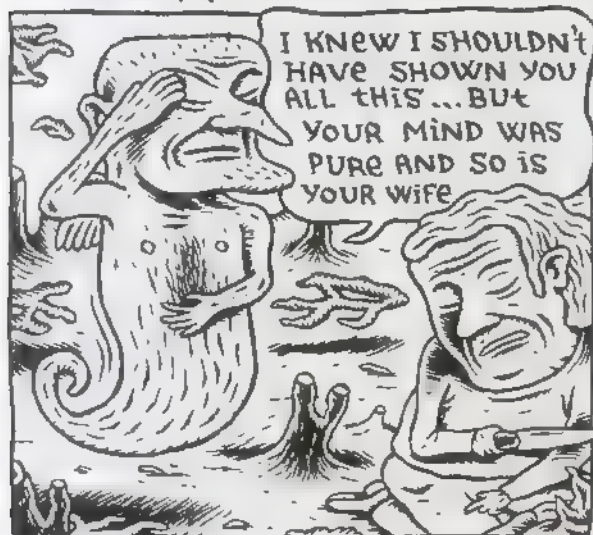
BUT ? NOW WHAT'S HAPPENING?



HER LOVER USED THE SAME POISON YOU DID....









FIN
blanquet

zero zero

ZERO ZERO SECRETS OF THE CARTOON STARS

Editor Kim Thompson

Art Director
Mara Arsenault

Cover Skip Williamson

Back Cover
Henriette Valium

Contributing
Cartoonists (present)

Stephane Blanquet,

Susan Catherine, David

Collier, Sam Henderson,

Richard Sala, Ted

Stearn, Henriette

Valium, Skip

Williamson, Oscar

Zarate

Contributing
Cartoonists

(past & future)

Max Anderson, Mark

Bayer, Dan Clowes, Al

Columbia, Darn Darcy,

Kim Deitch, Mike Diana,

Michael Dougan, Bob

Fleisher, Mary

Friedman, Drew

Georgarakis,

Justin Green, Bill

Grieff, Glenn Head,

David Holzman, Jeff

Johnson, Kaz, Mats?,

David Mazzucchelli,

Th. Metzger, Mark

Newgarden, Archer

Prewitz, Frank Stock,

Penny Moran Van Horn,

Chris Ware, Mack

White, J.R. Williams,

Jim Woodring

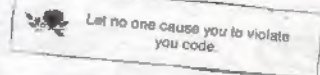
Promotion Chris

Jacobs, Eric Revivoids

Circulation

Matt Courts,

Kitty Ireland



Caramba! Donnerwetter! Zut alors!

With this issue, foreign forces invade ZERO ZERO, including spies from France and England. (This makes David Collier and Henriette Valium's Canadian infiltration of years gone by look downright benign!) Not that we're falling victim to effete European sensibilities; it's just that the gentlemen involved are so talented that even if they aren't American, by God, they deserve to be! We're nothing if not enlightened in these parts.

F'r instance, far be it from us to describe Stephane Blanquet, whose strip "The Thing They Call Death," appears this issue, as a frog-eatin', rude-waiterin', World War II losin', Jerry Lewis-lovin' kinda guy. The youthful (22 years) Mr. Blanquet — yes, like Henriette Valium, he is a male, all nomenclature to the contrary notwithstanding — is a prolific cartoonist and publisher, including his own **LA MONSTRUEUSE** (second issue now available, with work by Brad Johnson, Julie Doucet, Mike Diana, the aforementioned Valium, et al. — \$6.00 postpaid from Chacal Puant, 6, rue Colson, 78700 Conflans, France) and several mini-comics by, among others, Diana and Valium. Blanquet has been published in **BUZZARD** and **LAST GASP COMIX & STORIES**. He will have a solo comic published later this year at Last Gasp, and you can also order his sublime mini-comic **A L'INTERIEUR DES TETES** for \$5.00 postpaid from Mille Putois, 564 Maple Street, St. Lambert, Que. Canada J4P 2S7. (It's part of the same "series" of deluxe mini-comics as Julie Doucet's **LA LA, CHU TANNEY LA**.)

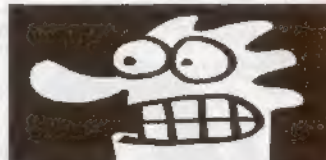
Susan Catherine, best known during the '80s for her series of comics-verite panels **OVERHEARD AT AMERICA'S LUNCH COUNTERS**, chimes in this issue with her first — possibly the first of several — collaboration with the legendary Oscar Zarate. Ms. Catherine's previous work as a



writer includes the autobiographical my-life-as-a-stripper "Take It Off" sixth issue of **YAHOO** (illustrated by Jos Sacco — \$3.50 postpaid from Fantagraphics), and the satirical pornographic comic **GREAT CONSUMMATIONS**, published by EROS Comix. Look for a sequel to that last one, titled **CLASSICS PENETRATED**, from our good friends down the street at MU Press, as well as **6:10 BY THE SCHOOLYARD** (illustrated by Graham Higgins), also from MU. Also spinning off the Catherine wheel is **ON THE NIGHT CIRCUIT**, a children's story illustrated by Cinders McLeod, to be published by Trina Robbins's Angry Isis Press.

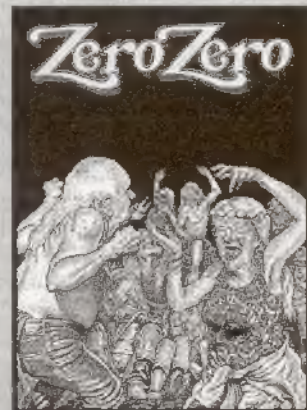
The world-renowned cartoonist and illustrator Oscar Zarate's curriculum vitae includes the Alan Moore-penned graphic novel **A SMALL KILLING** (still available from Dark Horse Comics in this country), and **GEOFFRY THE TUBE TRAIN AND THE FAT COMEDIAN** (written by Alexei Sayle of *Young Ones* fame).

Sam Henderson, creator of the funniest mini-comic of the '90s, **THE MAGIC WHISTLE**, barrels into **ZZ** with his inside front cover. Mr. Henderson's work can also be found in the graphic albums **OH THAT MONROE!** (\$7.50 postpaid from Wow Cool, 48 Shattuck Square #149, Berkeley CA 94704) and **HUMOR CAN BE FUNNY** (from Dodecaphonic Books),



Unconditional Henderson junkies who do not live in Seattle (whose weekly **THE STRANGER** publishes his "Magic Whistle" strip) can also follow his work in the cooler-than-fuck **NICKELODEON** magazine, which publishes his "Scene But Not Heard" every month. The scawag also boasts an impressive resume that includes **HEAVY METAL**, **CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT**, **DUPLEX PLANET ILLUSTRATED**, **HIGH TIMES**, **SCREW**, and **PULSE**, plus probably two or three more while you were sitting there on your ass reading all this.

You may notice an ad for **ZZ** regular Mack White's **VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES** earlier in this issue. Word just came to us that the major distributor to Great Britain has declined to carry it, for fear that the English custom-Nazis will seize it. This means that if you're a limey (or just living in Limey-land) chances are you won't be able to find this book at your local comics shoppe and will have to resort to mail-order or something similarly drastic. Sorry, but there ye have it.



Next issue: Groove along with a fab cover by Drew Friedman! Dream a little Serbian dream with Sasa Rakezic! Enjoy the Jeff Johnson "talking furniture" strip we promised last time around and failed to deliver (through no fault of Jeff's, we might add). The return of David Holzman with a new woodcut story! Eight, count 'em eight, single pages of Henriette Valium wackiness! Inside front cover by Skip Williamson, "Sign of the Apocalypse" by Dan Clowes! More Collier, more Sala! On sale in May!

ZERO ZERO, May-June, 1990. **ZERO ZERO** (ISSN: 1090-5923) is published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, and is ©1990 Fantagraphics Books. All art and stories are © 1990 their respective writers and artists: Stephane Blanquet, Susan Catherine, Oscar Zarate, David Collier, Richard Sala, Ted Stearn, and Skip Williamson. Covers © 1990 Skip Williamson, Sam Henderson, and Henriette Valium. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books at the owners. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in **ZERO ZERO** and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, with the exception of biographical and autobiographical material. Letters to **ZERO ZERO** become the property of the magazine and are subject for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: April, 1990. Fantagraphics Books, 3503 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, Washington, 98115. PRINTED IN CANADA.



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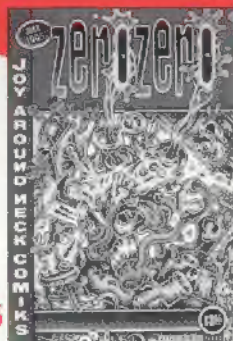
(you missed these)



MARCH/APRIL 1995! Premiere! Bukowski & Moriarity! Frank Stack's "Jesus" returns! Plus Andersson, Collier, Diana, Head, Holzman, Valium, Williams, the first "Fuzz & Pluck" by Stearn, and a wild Gary Panter cover!



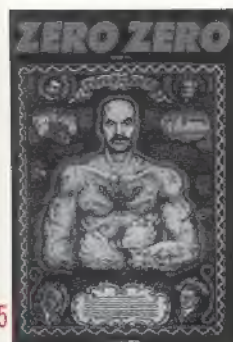
MAY/JUNE 1995! Sala's "Chuckling Whatsit" begins, the premiere of "Homunculus" by Mack White, new "Trashman" story by Spain, plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Mats!?, Mazzucchelli, Stack, and Wayno!



JULY 1995! Soothing Valium cover! Enervating Sandlin back cover! Plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Newgarden, Sala, Stack, Stearn, Williamson, and Doofus creator Rick Altergott's insane "Douche Bag Dougan"!



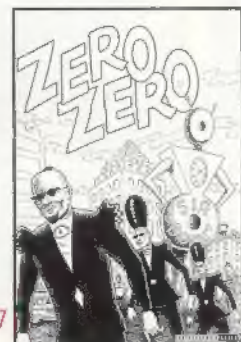
AUGUST 1995! Spectacular two-color Al Columbia strip! The premiere of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box" series! Plus Jeff Johnson, Carol Tyler, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Ted Stearn, and a back cover by Mark Beyer!



SEPT/OCT 1995! Superb Joe Coleman cover painting! Big new Max Andersson story featuring Car-Boy! Plus White's "Homunculus," Ware, Collier, several Deitch one-pagers, and the conclusion of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box"!



NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1995! Kim Deitch returns with a new sequel to "Shadowland"! A new "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter by Ted Stearn! Plus Rick Altergott, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Skip Williamson, and Bob Fingerman!



JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1996! Feature-length Bill Griffith cover story! Gruesome Christmas Max Andersson tale! Plus: new chapters of Sala and Deitch's serials, and a back cover by Dave Collier!



MARCH/APRIL 1996! Cover by Charles Burns! New color work by Al Columbia and Max Andersson, an intense 2-color "Sof' Boy" strip, Sala, White, and Deitch's serials, and a back cover by Pat Moriarity!

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